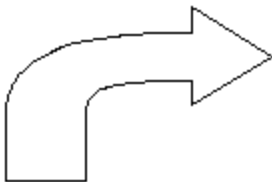


NOTE: This newspaper appearance was divided, the text enlarged and graphics reduced, to fill 8 1/2" x 11" pages, roughly in the manner shown below.



Saline Solution By Jack Miller

2

THEY were in a room that was as small as a shoebox, and the air was thick with the smell of sweat and desperation. The woman, a blonde with long, wavy hair, was sitting on the edge of a bed, her back to the door. She was looking at her reflection in a small mirror on the wall, her face pale and her eyes wide with fear. The man, a dark-skinned man with a beard and a mustache, was sitting on the floor next to her, his head buried in his hands. He was breathing heavily, his chest rising and falling in a rapid, shallow rhythm. The room was dimly lit, with a single lamp on a small table in the corner. The walls were covered in peeling wallpaper, and the floor was made of worn wooden planks. The door was slightly ajar, and a sliver of light from the hallway was visible through the crack. The woman's hand was pressed against the door, her fingers gripping the wood tightly. She was trying to hold her breath, trying to keep the man from seeing her. But the door was so close, and the light was so bright, that she knew it was only a matter of time before he would see her. She was trapped, and she was alone.

3

THE man was a stranger to her, a man who had come into her life one day and had taken her by the throat. She had been walking home from work, her mind on the dinner she had to cook for her mother, when she had seen him. He had been standing in the shadows of a doorway, looking at her with a hungry, desperate look in his eyes. She had tried to walk past him, but he had stepped in front of her, blocking her path. She had tried to scream, but her voice had been choked off by a hand that had clamped over her mouth. He had dragged her into the room, and she had been there ever since. She had tried to fight him, but he was stronger than she was. He had beaten her, and she had been too afraid to call the police. Now, she was sitting on the edge of the bed, her back to the door, waiting for him to come back. She was waiting for him to see her, waiting for him to see the fear in her eyes and the tears on her face. She was waiting for him to see that she was not his property, that she was a human being with a right to freedom. But she was alone, and she was trapped. She was a prisoner in her own home, and she was alone.

4

THE man was a stranger to her, a man who had come into her life one day and had taken her by the throat. She had been walking home from work, her mind on the dinner she had to cook for her mother, when she had seen him. He had been standing in the shadows of a doorway, looking at her with a hungry, desperate look in his eyes. She had tried to walk past him, but he had stepped in front of her, blocking her path. She had tried to scream, but her voice had been choked off by a hand that had clamped over her mouth. He had dragged her into the room, and she had been there ever since. She had tried to fight him, but he was stronger than she was. He had beaten her, and she had been too afraid to call the police. Now, she was sitting on the edge of the bed, her back to the door, waiting for him to come back. She was waiting for him to see her, waiting for him to see the fear in her eyes and the tears on her face. She was waiting for him to see that she was not his property, that she was a human being with a right to freedom. But she was alone, and she was trapped. She was a prisoner in her own home, and she was alone.

5

THE man was a stranger to her, a man who had come into her life one day and had taken her by the throat. She had been walking home from work, her mind on the dinner she had to cook for her mother, when she had seen him. He had been standing in the shadows of a doorway, looking at her with a hungry, desperate look in his eyes. She had tried to walk past him, but he had stepped in front of her, blocking her path. She had tried to scream, but her voice had been choked off by a hand that had clamped over her mouth. He had dragged her into the room, and she had been there ever since. She had tried to fight him, but he was stronger than she was. He had beaten her, and she had been too afraid to call the police. Now, she was sitting on the edge of the bed, her back to the door, waiting for him to come back. She was waiting for him to see her, waiting for him to see the fear in her eyes and the tears on her face. She was waiting for him to see that she was not his property, that she was a human being with a right to freedom. But she was alone, and she was trapped. She was a prisoner in her own home, and she was alone.



Saline Solution By Jack Miller



While Jack of Lashley Portraits' Service Men Think Old's Child will not justly deserve to be shot dead

4

THE man was a stranger to her, a man who had come into her life one day and had taken her by the throat. She had been walking home from work, her mind on the dinner she had to cook for her mother, when she had seen him. He had been standing in the shadows of a doorway, looking at her with a hungry, desperate look in his eyes. She had tried to walk past him, but he had stepped in front of her, blocking her path. She had tried to scream, but her voice had been choked off by a hand that had clamped over her mouth. He had dragged her into the room, and she had been there ever since. She had tried to fight him, but he was stronger than she was. He had beaten her, and she had been too afraid to call the police. Now, she was sitting on the edge of the bed, her back to the door, waiting for him to come back. She was waiting for him to see her, waiting for him to see the fear in her eyes and the tears on her face. She was waiting for him to see that she was not his property, that she was a human being with a right to freedom. But she was alone, and she was trapped. She was a prisoner in her own home, and she was alone.

5

THE man was a stranger to her, a man who had come into her life one day and had taken her by the throat. She had been walking home from work, her mind on the dinner she had to cook for her mother, when she had seen him. He had been standing in the shadows of a doorway, looking at her with a hungry, desperate look in his eyes. She had tried to walk past him, but he had stepped in front of her, blocking her path. She had tried to scream, but her voice had been choked off by a hand that had clamped over her mouth. He had dragged her into the room, and she had been there ever since. She had tried to fight him, but he was stronger than she was. He had beaten her, and she had been too afraid to call the police. Now, she was sitting on the edge of the bed, her back to the door, waiting for him to come back. She was waiting for him to see her, waiting for him to see the fear in her eyes and the tears on her face. She was waiting for him to see that she was not his property, that she was a human being with a right to freedom. But she was alone, and she was trapped. She was a prisoner in her own home, and she was alone.

6

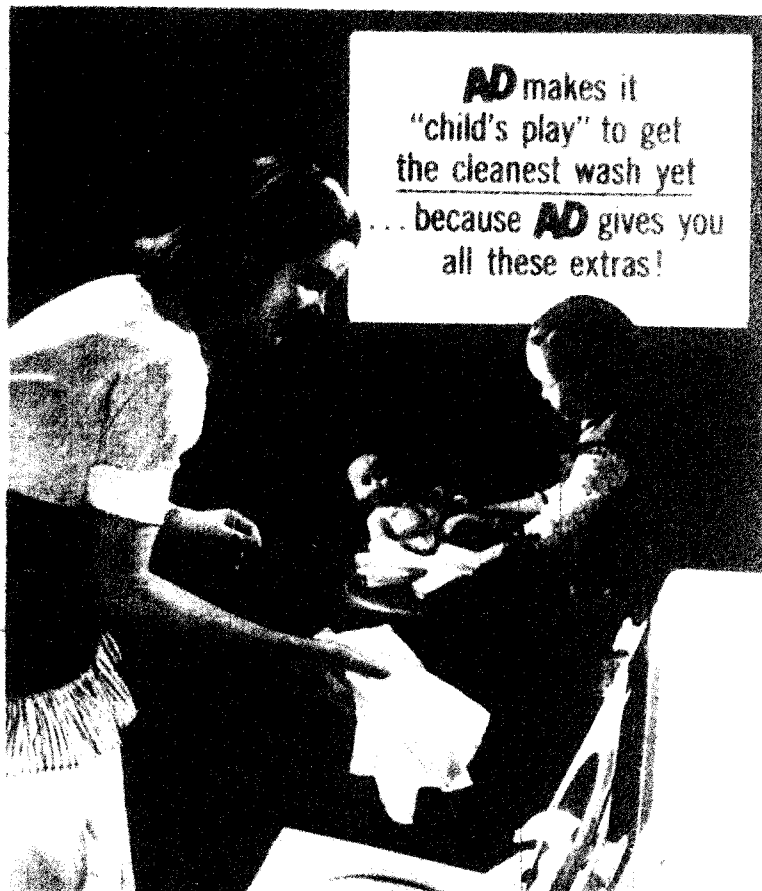
THE man was a stranger to her, a man who had come into her life one day and had taken her by the throat. She had been walking home from work, her mind on the dinner she had to cook for her mother, when she had seen him. He had been standing in the shadows of a doorway, looking at her with a hungry, desperate look in his eyes. She had tried to walk past him, but he had stepped in front of her, blocking her path. She had tried to scream, but her voice had been choked off by a hand that had clamped over her mouth. He had dragged her into the room, and she had been there ever since. She had tried to fight him, but he was stronger than she was. He had beaten her, and she had been too afraid to call the police. Now, she was sitting on the edge of the bed, her back to the door, waiting for him to come back. She was waiting for him to see her, waiting for him to see the fear in her eyes and the tears on her face. She was waiting for him to see that she was not his property, that she was a human being with a right to freedom. But she was alone, and she was trapped. She was a prisoner in her own home, and she was alone.

7

THE man was a stranger to her, a man who had come into her life one day and had taken her by the throat. She had been walking home from work, her mind on the dinner she had to cook for her mother, when she had seen him. He had been standing in the shadows of a doorway, looking at her with a hungry, desperate look in his eyes. She had tried to walk past him, but he had stepped in front of her, blocking her path. She had tried to scream, but her voice had been choked off by a hand that had clamped over her mouth. He had dragged her into the room, and she had been there ever since. She had tried to fight him, but he was stronger than she was. He had beaten her, and she had been too afraid to call the police. Now, she was sitting on the edge of the bed, her back to the door, waiting for him to come back. She was waiting for him to see her, waiting for him to see the fear in her eyes and the tears on her face. She was waiting for him to see that she was not his property, that she was a human being with a right to freedom. But she was alone, and she was trapped. She was a prisoner in her own home, and she was alone.

BOOST CLEANING POWER in your AUTOMATIC WASHER

with Colgate's Low-Suds Discovery... **AD**



AD's low-suds
BOOST your automatic's
washing action!

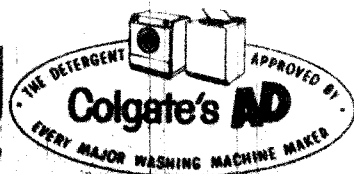
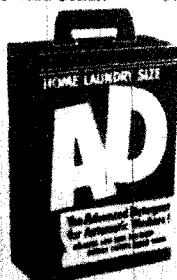
Extra cleaning ingredients for the cleanest wash you ever had ... right amount of suds make your machine work better.

AD's low-suds
BOOST your automatic's
whitening action!

Extra washing ingredients delight you with a sparkling white wash ... no suds scum ever greys clothes.

AD's low-suds
BOOST your automatic's
rinsing action!

Extra easy rinsing makes a wash that feels so soft against tender skin ... everyone loves the sweet smell of an AD wash, too!



SPECIALLY MADE FOR AUTOMATICS!

There's a convenient size for your family ... Regular to Home Laundry

THE INQUIRER **Today** MAGAZINE

C O N T E N T S

Copyright 1957, Triangle Publications, Inc.
March 24, 1957 • All Rights Reserved

► HOME AND FAMILY

Rolling Homes Gather a Gloss	24
Family Album, All Dolled Up	27
Old Wallpapers	51
Upholstered Wall Panels	56
Family Eats Exotic Meals	58
Recipes Featuring Oysters	60
Colonial Wall Planter	63

► LIVING TODAY

Resisting Pressure	4
Painting by Prescription	16
Easter in Rome	22
Middies Must Dance, Too	35
No People Allowed	54

► PEOPLE

Friend From France	12
Your Neighbors	20
Disney's Pied Piper	48
The Face	66

► GENERAL

Dangerous Tinkering With Nature	14
Roman Ghost Town	32
Cottons Inspired by Old Spain	36
Maryland Memento	46

► DEPARTMENTS

Antiques	51	Food	58, 60
Beauty	44	Fun for Young Uns	65
Cameroddities	30	Handyman	63
Confident Living	4	Needlework	71
Craft Patterns	68	On a Shoestring	56
Crossword and Other Puzzles	43	Picture Quiz	7
Fashions	36	Science	8
Fiction	18	Your Child	64

ON THE COVER

EXCITING fashion news from across the sea appears in the exquisite fabrics which dominate the spring collections of the Parisian haute couture. Fabrics unfamiliar for many a season make a big comeback, including the successful return of the crepes—georgette, crepe de Chine and a new, thin crinkled kind, as well as more delicate gabardine and other favorites of the Chanel period during the late '20s. Lightness is the rule, by day or night, as even the spring tweeds have an airy look and scarcely any bulk at all. Cotton, not so apparent in the spring collections of New York designers, is featured by the French—but with such lavish treatments! Cotton is printed as lavishly as silk in festive evening ensembles. Chiffon, printed, pastel or in vivid solid hues, appears in every collection. And prints are everywhere, with special emphasis on full-blown rose effects, lily patterns, coin dots and flowery abstracts.

Castillo for Lanvin presents *Baghdad* (upper left), an evening dress in aleoutienne gauze, embroidered in gold at the deep hemline and strapless bodice. This style is in the favored ankle-length for after-dark.

Christian Dior's *Mois de Mai* (upper right) proves the importance of the ladylike afternoon ensemble, composed of a dress in black and lily-printed organdy, topped by a green faille coat.

Jean Patou comes out strongly for the Spanish motif with *Flemenco* (lower left), a short dancing dress of printed silk organdy with bow-tied bodice and graceful, tiered skirt.

Genevieve Fath indorses the full-length evening dress in a design she calls *Marthe* (lower right) of printed organdy, seamed in red and green. —Cynthia Cebot



THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER MAGAZINE, MARCH 24, 1957



ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH P. KRUSH

DITTO MAN

By Jack Ritchie



Bill, the foreign correspondent, began talking about foreign entanglements. "Now that you mention octopuses," I said, "did you hear about . . ."

It's tough wooing when a regular guy like Henry must compete with a shifty foreign correspondent who'd steal anybody's puns, no matter how wretched



ILLUSTRATED BY J.

DITTO MA

"I'VE never trusted that man," I said darkly. "His heads are too close together."

But Pauline Wallace remained ecstatic. "There's the tattoo of an anchor on the back of Bill's hand. He looks so male when he smokes a cigaret, narrows his eyes, and gazes thoughtfully at the horizon."

Pauline's father put a hand on my shoulder. "You have my sympathies, Henry. I don't envy you having to compete with a foreign correspondent." His eyes clouded reminiscently. "In my day it was Ambrose Trask. He was in training to swim the English Channel and the hometown paper gave him a lot of publicity."

Mrs. Wallace surveyed the gleaming silver on her dining room table. "I do hope Bill isn't late. Everything is just about ready."

Mr. Wallace filled his pipe. "Ambrose practiced in the river six hours a day. He always seemed a little damp to me, but the girls liked him." He shook his head sadly. "Poor fellow. Discovered he was allergic to

salt water at the last moment. He sells used cars in Kewanee now."

I kept brooding. "The only reason Bill ever got through high school was because he copied my homework."

"You've got only one chance, Henry," Mr. Wallace said. "Be gay, witty, debonair." He studied me critically for a few moments. "On the other hand perhaps you'd better just stand pat on your virtues of steadiness and reliability."

Pauline's eyes were dreamy. "I wonder what it's like to be the wife of a foreign correspondent."

The front doorbell chimed and the Wallaces glanced at each other with a trace of nervousness before Mr. Wallace went to the door.

Bill Sedges walked into the room, his hands in the pockets of a trench coat. "It's good to meet honest straight-forward people again. One becomes so weary of the dissimulation one meets abroad."

Pauline clasped her hands. "We simply loved your talk at the Kiwanis Club last night. It must be wonderful

to travel and see things."

Mr. Wallace "What's dissimu-

"How are thi-

Wallace asked b-

Bill slipped o-

"Everything's a-

very words I us-

Macmillan last v-

"To dissembl-

said. "I looked

hour ago."

Bill glanced a-

smoothed his ha-

Sir Winston to c-

He's promised to

"Speaking of

you hear about

sat on the terrac-

pool sipping a d-

Pauline kept

"I'm so glad th-

with your eyes

something migh-

we saw a photo

an eyepatch. Y-

dashing."



ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH P. KRUSH

OMAN

By Jack Ritchie

moment. He sells
e now."

"The only reason
n high school was
y homework."

ly one chance,
e said. "Be gay,
He studied me
oments. "On the
you'd better just
tues of steadiness

ere dreamy. "I
to be the wife of
ent."

chimed and the
each other with a
before Mr. Wal-

d into the room,
kets of a trench
to meet honest
ple again. One
the dissimulation

er hands. "We
lk at the Kiwanis
must be wonderful

to travel and see all kinds of exciting
things."

Mr. Wallace scratched his head.
"What's dissimulation?"

"How are things in Europe?" Mrs.
Wallace asked brightly.

Bill slipped out of his trench coat.
"Everything's a mess. Those were the
very words I used when I saw Harold
Macmillan last week."

"To dissemble; feign; pretend," I
said. "I looked it up about half an
hour ago."

Bill glanced at a wall mirror and
smoothed his hair. "I've been begging
Sir Winston to come out of retirement.
He's promised to consider it."

"Speaking of France," I said, "did
you hear about the Frenchman who
sat on the terrace next to his swimming
pool sipping a drink?"

Pauline kept her attention on Bill.
"I'm so glad there's nothing wrong
with your eyes. We thought that
something might have happened when
we saw a photograph of you wearing
an eyepatch. You did look frightfully
dashing."

Bill nodded. "I know," A moment
of gloom possessed his face. "Had to
give it up though. Some shirt company
threatened to sue me."

"He was sipping this drink," I said,
"when a small deer came hopping out
of the woods. The Frenchman, being
in a pixy mood, extended his glass and
the deer took a sip."

I smiled. "Well, sir, this deer took
the sip and then jumped into the swim-
ming pool. He swam about half way
across and then suddenly disappeared
beneath the water."

There was iciness in Pauline's voice.
"I suppose your story has a point."

"Why, yes," I said, nodding con-
fidently. "Absinthe makes the hart go
founder."

"I think," Mrs. Wallace said thought-
fully, "that we had better begin din-
ner."

Over dessert, Bill began talking
about foreign entanglements.

"Now that you mention octopuses,"
I said, "did you hear about the octopus
that got all tangled up?"

No one volunteered curiosity.



Bill, the foreign correspondent, began talking about foreign entanglements. "Now that you

It's tough wooing when a regular guy like Henry mu foreign correspondent who'd steal anybody's puns, n

"It seems," I said, "that he tried to clap his hands and missed."

A touch of pride came into my voice. "This is all original material."

Mr. Wallace looked at me. "You're losing, boy. Just be steady and reliable."

I shrugged. "Ah, well. The essence of defeat is Blood, Fret and Fears."

At 7:30, Bill consulted his watch. "I'm afraid I'll have to leave now. I'm speaking in West River tonight."

I looked at the ceiling. "I seem to have read about it in the papers."

"All reserved seats," Bill said happily. "And sold out." He smiled at Pauline. "I'll see you tomorrow night?"

"We have a date tomorrow, Pauline," I said. "Don't you remember? There's a Roy Rogers picture at the Climax."

Pauline wasn't paying attention. She smiled at Bill. "Tomorrow night. About eightish?"

When Bill was gone there was a silence while the Wallace family considered me.

"Maybe we could see the Rogers picture tonight instead, Pauline," I said. "I'd sure hate to have you miss it."

"No!" Pauline said emphatically.

I rubbed my jaw. "Suppose we drive over to West River and take in Bill's lecture. I was looking through my wallet the other day and I discovered I had two tickets."

Pauline looked at me suspiciously.

"We ought to go somewhere tonight," I said defensively. "I don't think we should just sit here and hate me. It's unhealthy."

We got to West River a little after 8 and parked in front of the high school auditorium.

Pauline frowned as we took our seats. "Just leave it to you to get us seats behind a pillar. I can't see the platform."

"It works sort of both ways," I said, peeking around the pillar. "The platform can't see us either. Anyway, the important thing is that we can hear."

The audience waited another five

minutes and then the River High introduced strode out from the w

He waited for the and then smiled broad away for over three you it's wonderful t among my own people

He paused a few s tinued to smile. "I'm Frenchman who sat his swimming pool si

Pauline gasped an covertly.

"Once in geometry deliberately put down answers. Bill had th at the time." I chuck the test."

Bill's story got a n "Come to think failed the test, too. took the fun out of i doesn't repeat itself."

When Bill got to foreign entangleme widened again. "Th there is a mess. It r



foreign entanglements. "Now that you mention octopuses," I said, "did you hear about . . ."

ar guy like Henry must compete with a shifty
eal anybody's puns, no matter how wretched

e the Rogers
Pauline," I
ave you miss

mpathically.
"Suppose we
r and take in
aking through
y and I dis-
,"
suspiciously.
mewhere to-
ly. "I don't
here and hate

a little after 8
ne high school

we took our
you to get us
can't see the

ways," I said,
r. "The plat-
Anyway, the
ve can hear."
another five

minutes and then the principal of West River High introduced Bill and he strode out from the wings of the stage.

He waited for the applause to die and then smiled broadly. "I've been away for over three years and I tell you it's wonderful to be back home among my own people."

He paused a few seconds and continued to smile. "I'm reminded of the Frenchman who sat on the terrace of his swimming pool sipping a drink."

Pauline gasped and glanced at me covertly.

"Once in geometry class," I said, "I deliberately put down all the wrong answers. Bill had the seat next to me at the time." I chuckled. "Bill failed the test."

Bill's story got a nice reception.

"Come to think of it," I said, "I failed the test, too. That more or less took the fun out of it. I hope history doesn't repeat itself."

When Bill got to the subject of foreign entanglements, his smile widened again. "The situation over there is a mess. It rather reminds me

of the octopus who got all tangled up."

I beamed and nodded at the punch line.

Pauline studied me with great care. And then she smiled and I knew that she had come back home.

I snapped my fingers. "I knew I forgot something at dinner tonight. It was about the man who erected a building 200 yards long and two inches wide. It was a spaghetti warehouse."

I sighed. "It would have been really interesting to see how that could have been used in a speech about Europe."

Pauline got to her feet. "I think we might as well go."

"But Pauline," I said. "We haven't gotten to the Essence of Defeat yet."

I left with a faint touch of regret.

When Bill showed up at Pauline's home the next night, we took him to the movies.

He didn't seem to consider it an exciting evening.

I don't see why.

That horse Trigger is a mighty fine actor.

THE END